[From "Die Männerinsel" pp114-154]

[p. 154]

New lodgings at the home of Mrs. Pay.

England's coast has been attacked for the first time since 1798, Scarborough and Hartlepool have been bombarded.

*

"*London, 20th December 1914*"

Today my birthday brought me as its only present the certainty of imprisonment taking me through to the very last days of the War, the reason for this is that I am now of military service age and no exchange is any longer be possible. However, I am left with the dangerous risks arising from my having pointlessly attempted to make myself appear younger. When I came back from doing some studying in the British Museum, I found Mrs. v. L. sobbing and dissolving into bouts of tears. I scarcely dared to ask her the reason. Had perhaps her husband on his voyage back from Cape Town been lost at sea, had Phyllis died, had Fat Leo signed on for Kitchener's Army? Had Peggy, the grandchild, become mortally ill, or was it that I had bad news waiting here for me? This lady, as tough as nails, was weeping disconsolately, while Mr. Maier stood like a gravedigger at her side. Finally she blubbered out: "Nimke is dead. — A postman has kicked the dear little creature to death, but I gave that man a taste of the dog-whip." Gradually I discovered, without a trace of shock, that the dear little creature, yapping and barking, had set about the legs of a postman who was silently embracing his sweetheart in the darkness of the street, [p. 68] and that the young man, so much disturbed and startled, had kicked out at the animal, and had struck it so badly that its pampered body now lay defunct in a hatbox. As my third birthday-present, a violent hail storm broke out. When we were getting into the car to go to Pagani's, bad luck would have it that I stepped heavily on heel of the unhappy dog-mother, with the effect that she let out a loud yelp. At the meal Mr. Maier, who was having quiet enjoyment at Nimke's demise, even hazarded a joke. Mrs. V. L. had ordered wine, and asked whether it was of a good sort: "*Vinum est bonus*" replied Mr. Maier. "What does that mean?" "The wine is a man of honour," at which he ordered a better kind, and said with a smirk: "*Vinum est bonum*."[i] "What does that mean?" she asked again, irritated. "The wine is good", was the laconic answer. Turning to me he added: "As with the wine, so with my Latin", and joined me in clinking glasses, "Nimke may well be dead, but here's a long life to yourself." "I'm going to have Nimke stuffed, true to life," Mrs. v. L. announced.

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The Germans have occupied Krakow. On the Western Front General Joffre is giving out the order for the first Offensive. A Zeppelin dropped bombs on Warsaw — and Christmas is at the door.

*

"*London, Christmas Time 1914*"

I don't wish to become sentimental, but I would prefer to have spent the Christmas season, this first Christmas Eve far from home, with a friend, or on my own in a bar, rather than in the house of Mrs. v. L. It probably could not have proceeded more lovelessly in the present circumstances. A green tree of hope with candles intended to shine out into the winter's night and to light up the world, and which shows the German spirit so aptly, of this [p. 69] there was, naturally, no trace. Presents, bought at the last moment were exchanged with a "For you" and a "Thank you". Sir Henry had sent a tie-pin with a green stone, which I think is an emerald. Post from home was probably still in transit to the censor. The three of us ate mince-pies and plum-pudding. Mrs. v. L. yawned all the time, and Mr. Maier fell slowly asleep. — The days of Christmas were filled with reciprocal visits. For New Year's Eve, we had invited the de Barrys, who had fled Antwerp, to a dinner in a restaurant on the Strand. Laid out on the table for us, in this, the sixth month of war were: *Beeftea aux truffes*, mutton chops *Ã la* Maintenon, tender-roasted pheasant with caviar side-dish, and *sauerkraut* cooked in champagne, with oysters in it; then came a baked meringue dessert, redolent of apricots. Pommery Grano, very mature cheese, Stracchino and Roquefort, then mocha coffee. I am not listing this down because I am gourmand, but, instead, to remind myself what certain circles still permit themselves. I hope that nobody even in Germany needs to go hungry on New Year's Eve. Mrs. v. L. did not yawn, nor did Mr. Maier fall asleep. So suddenly we found ourselves in the New Year (1915), I, however, as I have already said, would have preferred to have been sitting in a bar, alone or with a good comrade, and to have thought over a glass of punch of those who are still waiting for us. Of course, being alone is fine! But standing alone is pain!

*

"*London, New Year 1915*"

Today, New Year's Morning, I spent a lot of time sitting in the so-called Shakespeare Garden, which is planted with all the flowers the poet mentions in his works. I wanted for once to indulge myself in thought. No ceasefire has been reached by the warring armies. On Christmas Day itself, [p. 70] seven English sea-planes attacked Cuxhaven, but six of them were destroyed. On the night of New Year's Eve, a German U-boat sent H.M.S. *Formidable* to the bottom of the English Channel, six hundred dead.

What then do all the ideas of 'Peace on Earth' and 'the brotherhood of mankind' actually mean? "The idea is like that of the eternally self-rejuvenating Phoenix, which once in every century soars around the earth, but which in practice is an old tortoise which hobbles laboriously at the back and stops every three paces short of breath."

The English motto for the New Year is: "*Time works for us*."

*

"*London, January 1915*"

Cold is scratching its stiff fingers on the panes of the window. I'm fed up with the unhealthy conditions I have to live in. What good is it to have a roof over your head, and daily food — naturally for appropriate payment — if in so doing I am bound in association to a woman who herself becomes increasingly unbound? She, a penniless Dutch girl, married off against the will of her parents at sixteen years of age to the rich Mr. v. L., she not beautiful except in the voluptuous manner of a Rubens figure, but equipped yet with that "something" that turns certain men into slaves, she follows the celebrated example of the Holy Apes of Benares,[ii] who in the consciousness of their invulnerability, in this case irresistibility, permitted themselves all things, and knew how to acquire all things. Even if her sister, who remains in Zwolle in poverty, wears only discarded

clothing, while her beloved brother did manage to make sufficient progress to join her husband as his partner,which was until she lived to see him abscond at the beginning of January with twenty-five thousand pounds. The domestic scenes which followed on from that were truly disgusting. [p. 71] Shortly after that, her husband came back home after three years' absence in Africa. A mental and physical wreck, coldly fused into the frame of a lorgnette, he tottered about in the '*drawing-room*', a woman's worn-out plaything, dependent now upon her mercy, because *he* had made everything over to her, and *she* had made profit from her pounds and ounces avoirdupois. He himself had lost everything in Port Elizabeth, gambled and drunk away the rest. Mr. Maier, who greeted him with feeling, is another victim. Very rich in his younger days, he showered — or how ought one to put it — the adored lady with diamonds and costly furs, all of which are still with us, while he himself grew poor and increasingly old and weary. Although twice in my presence he had literally been thrown out of the room after an insignificant quarrel, he returned after a few hours — into the habitual yoke. The domestic squabbling, which, after the embezzlement by Mrs. v. L.'s brother and the dismal return home of her husband, is taking on more and more repellent forms, because the brutish son also occasionally does his bit with the interfering, really must drive people to distraction. Even the two old domestic servants, Mrs. Lane and Anny, as well as the daily seamstress, all of whom over the years have become dependent on this household, are being bullied more and more. Now the turbulent lady has her mind on a new plan; she wants to move her husband, who has been given a room near the kitchen in the basement, out of the house, and to rent out her villa in Hampstead, furnished, to rich Belgians, and then set herself up in a new little flat in Fulham, which means that by that time she already will have five completely furnished villas in her portfolio of rented properties. I'm not joining in with that, I'd rather go to Mrs. Lane, the cook, who has a little flat of her own! But when I suggested this yesterday to Mrs. v. L., she only laughed and then made a scene with the poor woman in the kitchen, for having dared to entice me away. Since then [p. 72] she has been friendliness itself to me and invited me to Drury Lane Theatre to go with her to see this year's hit pantomime, *Sleeping Beauty*. This really turned out to be the most marvellous revue that I had ever seen. Comic interludes for all the many children, splendid ballet dances, shadow-theatres, etc. Little Puck stepped up to front stage, and throwing hand kisses to the gallery, where soldiers and poorer young people had complementary tickets, sang the recruitment song:

"*Won't you join the Army,*
Won't you come with me,
Won't you go to Germany,
To Berlin on the spree"[iii]

As it happened, about twenty young men came hesitantly up on to the stage, Little Puck drew them all into the limelight, spotlights played around the future men of victory, and the audience clapped madly. Mrs. v. L. found this closure of the pantomime delightful. Why doesn't she sign herself on as a camp-follower? At home, there was quarrelling again. Her husband had been in the *Public House* and had drunk himself some courage. I don't get involved with his pantomime any more. It is strange, is it not? that this is the second "domesticity" in England that is disintegrating before my very eyes.

On a side note, the police have been in the house, following an anonymous tip, that Mrs. v. L. is really not an Englishwoman. Probably an act of revenge from the postman she thrashed with the dog-whip.

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[p. 73]

"*London, N. W. College Rd., February 1915*"

Outside a blizzard had descended. The soft flakes fell constantly and continuously. Driven around at first by the wind, they finally did bed themselves in, downy flake heaped upon downy flake.

I have just come back from my evening walk in the park at Golders Green, where for my last time I fed the deer and squirrels, who in their animal life of bliss know nothing of sadness of human kind. The schoolchildren, who were being taken on their walk by their schoolma'ms, are thinking of everything but the bed the adults have made for themselves, and now have to lie on. What will there be left for them when they have reached the 'age of reason'? On the woody meadow terrain of the *Heath*, from where the observer commands a vast panoramic view of London, Kitchener's newly-uniformed recruits were at their training everywhere, throwing up communications trenches and fire trenches, and since they are all still so very, very young, and probably think they are playing soldiers, and they are left in this belief, as long as it can be left, namely that the War is '*The Great Adventure*', which is what the newspapers always call it. I find this description of war to be completely frivolous. In England, practically everything is 'sport' (Latin: *disportare*, that means 'to amuse oneself', 'to enjoy oneself'), and apparently it was sporting spirit that created the British Empire, but sport and business spirit are readily confused, as are religion and politics. In genuine, natural sport, the person becomes the body and the body the person; in technical sport, in order to gain records, the person, as in war, becomes a machine and the machine becomes the body. The exchange is not noble. The psychology of a nation is like an organ on which the player must know how to play correct cords, and here, in this country, this is a perfected art. The *unisono*[iv] of the British Empire is an historic and artistic marvel. — In the evening, Mr. v. L., with little luggage, left his wife's house, and became a 'furnished gentleman', as they so nicely refer to a lodger in Berlin. Since he has no further use for his top hat, he wanted to pass it on to me. This renunciation of one's hat in England indicates a renunciation of middle-class life: I did not, therefore, accept this piece of symbolic clothing; instead I accompanied the old gentleman and his hat box into his new lodgings. From there, things were set to move into a *Public House*, but Mrs. v. L. had warned me about this. Her '*Pub*' is in her *dressing-room*.[v]

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"*February 1915. London-Fulham, No. 134 Bishop Mansions*"

A winter's day, the frost has almost completely dispelled the snow in the streets. Only a veil of silvery grey lies on the towers and roofs, disguising contour and rendering things incompletely visible.

Mrs. v. L. has gone to the cinema with Mr. Maier, so I sit alone in the new flat, thank God. What use is a new dress, if the person putting it does not also change? That's the same with new scenery: it doesn't change the old miserable conditions. I shan't be as successful as Mr. v. L. at escaping from the grotto, or hell, of Calypso. In any case I still owe her some money in rent, and that's why she has me dangling on a hook. Before we left Hampstead, I bade farewell to the street-sweeper on the corner, who for forty-five years has been pushing his brush round on the street, though his main occupation is begging. He was a *drummer boy* in the Crimean War,[vi] [p. 75] and now he still uses his broom handle to salute young recruits when they march past. I wonder whether they, too, will one day have to stand on street corners, if they have not already been made immortal by death on the battlefield. In the 'bus, which was jam-packed full, we travelled for an hour through Kilbury[vii] and Hammersmith, through endless streets with houses on them resembling postage stamps; I looked at the newspaper placards: Germany has declared unrestricted U-boat warfare as its answer to England's unprecedented naval blockade of Europe. The whole of England is now a besieged island-fortress, the consequences of these superhuman measures will soon turn *business as usual* into *business unusual*. A new hue and cry has arisen, this time in pursuit of all Germans not as yet imprisoned — 'To jail with all the Huns!' 'Starve them to death!' 'Take their property from them!' — if this is going to be the way the Press are going to be calming people down, then I too will hand myself in for internment. — I've finished up with the bed-closet room, with what goes under the name of an 'American convertible bed-couch', which did not, of course, work properly on the first night. I similarly had some difficulty in reporting to the police. I was sent from the police station in Lily Road to the one in Wallham Green.[viii] It had long since turned dark, when I was sent on from

there to the police head-quarters in South Kensington. Public authorities everywhere are nothing more than post-offices, where the public are always sent on further. All the street-lights had black-painted glass in them, and in consequence of that I lost my way in the dark streets, and in the end had to take a taxi. When I got back home, the cat had escaped; Mrs. v. L. was making loud lament; Mr. Maier stumbled through dirty snow in the unfamiliar garden, caught himself on the picket fence, and fell flat on his face. Instead of a thank-you, he was greeted with "*You clumsy old ass*", and I tried my luck; I did once manage to get hold of the damned thing, [p. 76] but then on purpose I let it run off. The neighbours shouted "Quiet!", and Mrs. v. L. came back with the threat: "I'm not stopping here to live,[ix] "*oh dear, oh dear, what a time*". I thought: "I'm not stopping here to live, either", and Mr. Maier took off his suit, which was covered in mud, and went off to bed. And outside the World War is raging, to say nothing of the lesser worries for millions of people; "*what a time*!"

*

"*London SW., February 1915*"

A leadenly grey February morning. The convertible bed, which doesn't work, is being sold off again. Mrs. v. L. made the offensive remark that this kind of bed was still a lot more comfortable for me than being in the *Trenches*. The household heating was only on in Madam's bedroom and the kitchen, so I in the closet-bedroom am left with stone-cold hands, as this bad writing will serve to remind me in future times. I bought a copy of the 'John Bull' magazine because there was an article in it which had the heading: "The end is in sight." What you wish for is all the easier to believe. The mood in America is said to be very much against Germany, because of the U-boat War. But don't they understand over there what a hunger-blockade means for a nation of 70 million people? The *Observer* had an article called 'Checkmate', which concerned the imminent taking of Constantinople. All the archives have already been transferred to Konya in Asia. Is that supposed to indicate the end? Constantine the Great brought the Palladium,[x] which is tied to the history of the world, from Rome to the Bosphorus. Upon this mysterious city and its demonic *fatum*[xi] the shaping of two parts of the world has depended for one-and-a-half thousand years. "Whoever governs Byzantium, governs the world", Napoleon thought that still. Its conquest [p. 77] by the Allies would isolate the Central Powers and keep them circled in. Rumania's[xii] joining the Allies is expected. — Mrs. v. L. recounted that the Moulin Rouge in Paris had burnt down, what a loss, worse than the Cathedral at Rheims! — I have seen the first talking picture in The Electric Pavilion, "The Doctor's Child". Back home, we're still on the cat chase in the dark, the wretched thing had climbed up a tree, I followed it up, grabbed it and threw it down, into the snow.

Mr. Maier told me that the Germans had won the great winter battle at the Masurian Lakes.[xiii]

*

"*London SW., February 1915*"

For the first time during my stay in England, I have made the acquaintance of a young girl. She had sat down at my table in Lyon's Tea Rooms. Her questioning glance, which had something of the mischievous about it, led me to begin the conversation. She is called Alberta Fouracre. She told of her brother, who yesterday became a soldier, and reddened with joy. She asked me if I, too, were entering the Army, and straightaway the innocent joyful mood was over. One cannot do anything, think or speak, without the War sucking everything into its vortex. I acted as though I had not heard the question and quickly ordered two pieces of tart with whipped cream; as she hesitated at that, the conversation took a different direction. In a word, I felt new-born, she was just in the process of promising to meet me again, when I was very much disturbed by the entry into the room of Mrs. v. L. and Mr. Maier. Both acted as though they didn't know me, and sat down some distance away. I paid the bill immediately and left the premises together with Alberta. I

accompanied her a short way down the High Street and arranged another meeting with her, then she suddenly hurried off. I watched her for a long time and then [p. 78] went slowly back home. How I look forward to seeing her again! Mrs. v. L. came about 8 o'clock. "Now we know, don't we, who's knocking around with whom", I heard that on the corridor. The greeting was icy. Both of them ignored me intentionally. I have never hated this woman so much. I went directly to my room, and because I was looking for something to do, I wrote to my mother, described my place of residence and asked for money.

*

"*London SW., February 1915*"

I haven't met up with Alberta; I waited a whole hour and thought a hundred times I could see her coming round the corner. Since I didn't know her address I walked aimlessly in the direction I had last seen her take, but I didn't meet her, and was very dejected. I thought, perhaps she's sitting in the tea rooms and waiting, but when I entered, Mrs. v. L. and Mr. Maier were once more sitting there. Their glee was obvious. I went with the two of them to a cinema, *Smugglers' Island*. I watched it, and didn't watch it, because I was thinking of something quite different. I'll have to get out of this state of affairs. It's just gone midnight and icy cold in my room. In the evening towards ten o'clock, the doorbell had rung. I opened the door. Two men were asking for me. I took them into the lounge. They said they had come from Scotland Yard, and that a letter from me had been intercepted, and they would like me to say something about my local connections, because I would otherwise be suspected as a spy. Mrs. v. L. had in the meantime exploded bright red in rage, for me to have allowed two strange gentlemen into 'her lounge'. However, she immediately became extremely amiable, when the gentlemen showed their identity documents. She said quite openly that my presence in the house had caused her nothing but trouble, and she would be glad if arrangements could be made for me to be locked. Where on earth shall I leave my diaries?

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[p. 79]

"*London SW., February 1915*"

This morning another detective was here, he wanted to speak to me on my own in my room. Lucky that he didn't look through my things. During the night I had hidden the diaries beneath the wardrobe. Now I can only think that it's all over, because of what I was saying in them. But he didn't want to see my police permit, and just inquired once more about my family circumstances. I told him of my parents' divorce, and why I was staying in England. The detective took notes and was very friendly. "What prison camp are you going to?" Mrs. v. L. asked when the man had gone away. I said: "I don't know yet, but I'll look for a room today." She laughed mockingly. I set off immediately on the hour's walk to Camden Town, and in so doing overstepped the Five-Mile-Radius, which I am not permitted to go beyond without police permission. Unfortunately I did not come across Mrs. Lane, Mrs. v. L.'s former cook, and travelled back. I was now of a mind to try getting a room in Putney, since Alberta lives there too. At No. 10 Burstock Road,[xiv] where a sign hung out, I rang the bell. The landlady, a small person, showed me a simply-furnished, large front room, which was to cost only ten shillings a week, including breakfast. I immediately paid in advance. I will first wait again here, to see whether I can find Alberta once more, before I report for a prison camp. — I now had to report-out with the police, and then report-in again, a process which lasted into the late evening, with the result that I could no longer go myself to collect my most important items from Mrs. v. L.'s house; when I had tried it at nine o'clock, nobody was in. With no nightshirt, no wash things I moved in, snowed up like Father Christmas, to the house of little Mrs Pay. She [p. 80] had lit a fire in the fireplace. I sat thus in the dark room, which was

illuminated only by the flickering light of the burning logs, alone in a wicker chair, the storm wailed, and I was close to wailing myself. It said in the 'Daily Express' that nineteen thousand Germans had fallen at Neuve-Chapelle and that Przemysl[xv] had fallen into Russian hands. Not until the fire burnt down and it became cold did I go to bed.

*

"*London-Putney, Burstock Road, March 1915*"

A spring day, half passed-though. The sparrows sat in the midday sun like brown balls in the bushes. I have collected all my wordly goods (in reality, there were about seven of them), from Bishop Mansions. Following my priority-telegram, the money for rent had arrived at Mrs. v. L.'s, and she acted as though she were the woman I had foully abandoned. That is the end! I'm not going to be reproached any more. There was also a letter from Berlin, waiting for me there, opened three times, and read through. Dietrich von Schlechtendal, a probationary officer cadet, had fallen in battle in Galicia. His funeral eulogy was going to be: 'Whom God loves, dies young.' — Hurrah, I've found Alberta's address in the postal address book, amongst hundreds of Fouracres, there was an Albert Fouracre, who seemed to be her father.[xvi] The *Daily Mirror* reported a great battle in the Champagne region, and informed its readers that a silver coffin was lying in Antwerp, made for the German Crown Prince, who, it said, had died in mysterious circumstances, and whose death had, however, been kept secret; even so, the Kaiser had suffered a stroke, lost his power of speech, and his hair had suddenly turned snow white. Terrible, if true; on top of this, people are expecting Hungary to fall away, now that the Russians have conquered all of Galicia. It strikes me as completely ridiculous to write a letter at this point to Alberta. But I will get my photograph taken and send a copy to her — as a souvenir.

*

[p. 81]

"*London-Putney, March 1915*"

I've been sitting for quite a while on one of the embankments of the Thames, and while I was doing so, I thought up some poetry, this being brought on by the lighting of the sky, which was so notable; the first spring air, so full of hope, yet starting me off with thoughts of the beautiful far-off days of yesteryear. In addition to this, which the bells of the two churches which face each other across the span of Putney Bridge, were ringing out, slow and peal-by-peal.

Time's beloved daughters, you are Hope and Remembrance;
Hope, who make quite beautiful a picture of future times;
Remembrance, who glorify still things of days gone by;
Both of you fight against evil powers,
Against the fear of whate'er may come to be,
Against forgetfulness of things that once were beautiful.

A soldier has just left me; on the table in front of me lies a small photograph of Alberta, which her brother has brought to me. She herself has travelled to her aunt in Richmond, because of some trouble she suffers

with her lungs. Her brother is a serious young man, who will this week be going to camp in Aldershot. He spoke without any enthusiasm about the War, and spoke instead of the self-evident feeling of duty which causes him to defend his fatherland. Facing him, I was happy to be able to recount my own hideous situation, and I believe I have won a friend in him. He's going to write to his sister, so that we can meet up again. When I was seeing him out through the door, a veiled lady rushed up to me in the vestibule, and moved to embrace me firmly, crying out loudly: "*Is that you, Charley, oh my boy?*" Mrs. Pay, who was standing next to the lady, pulled her, resisting and then loudly sobbing, into her room. Alberta's brother went out, shaking his head. Just after that, Mrs. Pay told me that the lady had mistaken me for her son, because she won't believe that out on the journey with the New Zealand Auxiliaries, the Anzacs, [p. 82] he was torpedoed and lost. She has been waiting hour by hour for months for her only son to arrive. Mrs. Pay had also seen as similarity between him and myself. Poor woman and mother!

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"*London-Putney, April 1915*"

Maundy Thursday[xvii] and Bismarck's hundredth birthday. All the English newspapers printed photos and articles and claimed that if this great statesman, Bismarck, had been at the helm, the Great War couldn't have broken out. His motto was: "There are so many things that people can agree upon, and that being so, no one should hesitate to be united." Other articles maintained that this War would never have broken out if there had been no Bismarck, and because of that they considered him guilty of everything. — Alexander Fouracre, the only person with whom I am still in correspondence, and who is simple, decent and unspoilt, in contrast to most people who came into my line of vision and once more disappeared, called on me to go for a walk. — I thought: he will soon be walking on a different path, he will be outside, helping to defend his country with his life; I wonder if and how he will come back?

We walked along the Thames embankment as far as Mortlake, the stretch of the annual boat-race between Oxford and Cambridge. This year it will be dropped, and that will bring the seriousness of the War closer to the English mass-consciousness than all newspaper articles and military demonstrations are able to do. However, from the other embankment we can hear the roaring that accompanies every football match. For the huge crowd that was gathered there, the War was still an "outside event". Fouracre said: "That, too, will have to come to a halt soon." [p. 83] The sea-scout brigade was doing drill. Swans were gliding along the river bank; they have always been the property of the King. From the very beginning of our walk, I had noticed that a gentleman was following us, always keeping his distance. I thought, that's perhaps a detective who might want to see why I was walking along in company with a soldier. That once more damaged the entire easy-going atmosphere, and after Mortlake we turned around. The man continued to follow us as far as Putney. Not until we went into a cinema did I lose sight of him. Later we were still sitting around the hearth fire, each of us smoking his pipe. Alexander spoke of his sister and her delicate health, of his worries about her and their parents, when he would be leaving them. — It is now midnight, I'm going to set about writing to Dunbar Lockwood in Boston; as brother-in-law of Theodore Roosevelt he will perhaps be able to manage to do something for a cousin. — If not, after that, I'll report in for a concentration camp.

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Those were the most uplifting hours I have experienced since being imprisoned in England. In St. Margaret's, Westminster, I heard a man speak, who is one of the most humane and educated of this country, Dr. Lyttelton, the Headmaster of Eton, the most prestigious school in England. When a choir of well-trained schoolboy voices, tenors and basses, had finished their rendition of a wonderful *Crucifixion*, Dr. Lyttelton began to speak on the theme of 'Do not humiliate' Germany. "If we want to act as a Christian nation, we are obligated to apply the principles of [p. 84] Christianity with regard to Germany, and what is more, to apply them in a

measure thus far never shown. It is our task to act so that Germany's hate towards us is eliminated, so that sixty million fellow-brethren will be saved from the consequences of an opinion poisoned against us. If we say at that the War's end we do not want to surrender any inch of our territory, nor give up a single privilege, I can only say that we have abandoned the basic principles of Christianity." He then continued in raised voice that England after the War would have nothing other to expect from Germany but revenge and hate. There were people in this country, he continued, who believed there were reasonable men in Germany also, for example the democratic parties, who were strong enough to bring the whole country after the War to a better set of ideas; or that revolutionary and religious forces could bring this changeover about. "But are we justified in expecting this possibility? We ourselves must act in such a way that a nation of sixty million does not retain any thoughts of revenge against us. No single matter in this War can in magnitude of thought be compared with this. The Germans have been taught that we speak only of moral concepts without acting according to the basic principles of these, that, while we speak of being uninterested and not seeking to serve ourselves, we spread out our own Empire with marvellous success over the whole wide world, and in doing so attempt to bring other nations into conflict amongst themselves and to cover up our own pretensions. Of this, every individual German has for years been firmly convinced. This is the problem we have to solve. If we cannot reach a stage where this toxic conviction will be replaced by another, then the War is being fought in vain, and all thse noble lives squandered. It might well be the case that we are fighting for our survival as a world empire, but from whatever [p. 85] standpoint we may view the aims of this War, we must as a Christian nation concede that if the end effect were to be that a nation of sixty million would hate us with a hate such as which no nation has ever been hated, then the War can only be regarded as the greatest failure. No trouble taken in Europe to restore peace would not be of any value as long as we do not show that we wish to act in accordance with that principle where each nation can trust the other completely and that each country may expect to live undisturbed and to flourish. If the need exists for someone to act exemplarily in accordance with the principle of loyalty and belief, so that it may universally be known what that means, then certainly no country other than England is to be appointed to this task. If England does not lead the way with best example and makes no offer of giving something up, but demands this only from other countries, then our country can of course be accused of the most appalling hypocrisy. It has been said by influential men, that if the Kaiser-Wilhelm canal were to be internationalised, we then in that case and in exchange must promise to internationalise Gibraltar. I myself have passed on this suggestion to other people of education and influence and received as reply that one could not expect that the English nation should shake the firm continuance of its Empire. Is that a justified objection? If we intend to hold onto everything firmly that we conquered in the past — and some of our possessions were gained by very doubtful means — and we then say that we will never surrender one inch of our territory, then I can only repeat that we have thrown all our Christian principles overboard and have returned to our old greed. In the question of principles we have been so ambiguous that we propagated some of them [p. 86] only to act in accordance with others of them. That was our great national sin. I. however, consider it my duty to speak this out very distinctly and to illustrate it clearly that when the first opportunity presents itself, England must take the lead and act in the roll of a trustworthy nation, prepared to make sacrifices, not only to play at doing, so but also to carry them out in firm conviction. "An enemy simply crushed is able to stand up once more; only when reconciled is he truly conquered."

Deeply moved by the greatness of noble sentiments that spoke out of this speech and which to appreciate I perhaps had been the only impartial witness, I stepped out of the church. I saw a long parade of armed, turbaned, black-bearded Indians, whom the Maharajas had sent as soldiers to the Empire, around the beautiful fountain which the Kaiser had presented to London, all of them hailed by the crowd, and hailed, too, by the church-goers. The sight of this went beyond all expression. Like frightened pigeons, the words I had just heard a short while ago fluttered away in the face of reality. I automatically thought of Goethe's words:

> The crowd staggers in uncertain mind,
> Then goes with the flow, wherever the storm leads.

The storm will be unable to drag the noble Headmaster of Eton along with it, but it will blow him down, I'm sure of that.[xviii]

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"*London-Putney, April 1915*"

I have not written anything for a long time. If I were to put down all my thoughts on paper, this would make my diary [p. 87] greatly oversize, and since life is made up of so many small matters, each one of them in the mind of an imaginative person can easily become an 'event'. Today, for example, I saw a dog which on its collar carried the German Order of the Iron Cross, which had certainly been stolen from a dead hero on the field of battle. What a cause for reflection! In front of my window a blind girl stood in the pouring rain and sang: "*O Land of Hope and Glory*". Having compassion for someone is even more painful than 'suffering alone', since one's experience of this is of guilt, for the reason that you cannot help, no matter how you might want to. Every poor man is a creditor of the rich, since his right to all the gifts of the earth is the same as theirs. Why is poverty, which is not a vice, always despised more than vice itself?

"We would give many alms, if we had eyes to see what a beautiful picture a receiving hand makes." How splendidly Schopenhauer, my trusted friend and constant companion, expresses himself, however much he might seem to be so full of harshness, that in reading him one is given to think 'the deeper the sea, the steeper the shore'; as, for example, when he says: "Just as torch light and the glow of fire turn pale and insignificant in the light of the sun, so is intellect, genius and all beauty outshone and dimmed by goodness of the heart." True goodness of the heart is, however, rare, like all precious things, with the only difference that if it were universal, it would lose nothing of its preciousness. Heartlessness is by contrast the worst illness of all, since it has no cure.

I've just come out of the Hippodrome, where I saw the play *In the Hands of the Huns*. A Belgian princess escapes from German officers and flees into the holy sanctuary of a nunnery. Everything is laid on with a trowel. The officers desecrate sanctity and nunnery by breaking in at night, after which they violate the princess herself; but the Huns by their nature [p. 88] hold nothing sacred; but then at the last moment â€“ no, in the *very last* moment â€“ an English officer intervenes; the astonished Germans literally foam at the mouth with anger, the princess sinks from one faint into another, the abbess and her retinue serve to place a frame around the highly effective background. Tableau. German officers, cursing horribly, are tied up by Tommies, while the English saviour, a complete gentleman, kisses the hand of the rescued princess, at which she opens her eyes languishingly, while the abbess gives her a blessing and the nuns murmur along. This is a real success with the public: the audience wept, filled with indignation, and joined in the cheering. Then thunderously the band of the Surrey Regiment struck up, and a thin, red-haired lieutenant in boots and spurs stepped out onto the stage, gave a recruiting speech, and asked finally: "Who wants to serve the Fatherland?"[xix] Eventually a workman came down onto the stage from the gallery. "Hello, Jerry!" someone called out to him, and Jerry shook the lieutenant's hand in comradeship. The lieutenant asked who else wished to be a recruit, and Jerry slapped his future superior officer jovially on the shoulder and proclaimed: "I can see somebody up there who would also like to join up." "Hey, Bill, come down here." Brawny Bill, too, came down with two pals onto the stage, which represents the world, and on which only a short time ago an impressive depiction of Hunnish brutalness and English chivalry had been presented. There then followed a general comradely shaking of hands with the thin lieutenant, which was accompanied by the audience singing: *He's a jolly good fellow*. When it seemed after that that no more men were stepping up, the lieutenant declared: "I know you are all true Britons, only you do not wish to show yourselves here in the limelight, so come along all of you tomorrow, eight o'clock in the evening, to the 'World's End' pub in Chelsea, there you can join up. Comrades, let's help our brave allies. [p. 89] The Canadians have arrived just today, they will be happy to get to know you. Come on, then, into the battle with the Germans. We need every man. The Kaiser says God helps the German army, but what the Kaiser's God is, is our devil. Howdy, boys, let's get to the Flags!" The Surrey Regiment played a triple fanfare. Then a fat man in civilian clothing came up to the front of the stage and called out: "If there's anybody who can't join the Army, please come and join the Putney Athletics Club, for training and readiness. We need every man, and one trained man is worth four men who aren't trained!" "*God save our gracious King*."

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"*London-Putney, April 1915*"

I'm living here at Mrs. Pay's, as thoughI'm in a bubble, because it is obvioud that I am in in the worst possible situation, that of being able to do nothing, condemned to looking on lamely, while all events of earth-shattering importance pass me by. I sit here longing for a reply from my relatives in Boston, and have already written to Mr. Lawry, the American Ambassador's Secretary, asking whether or not I could be given a passport, so that I would perhaps still be able to travel to Germany by way of America. I have deliberately broken off all connections I have to acquaintances here in London: Lady Dorothy Dunbar had invited me up to Perth, and Sir Henry L. to Pendelbury. But I'll only bring trouble to myself and to others. I will probably have secret surveillance put on me, and any letters I write will now probably only compromise my friends and acquaintances. Ted Gibson is in Charterhouse College, and has written only one card; and from Charley Theobald, too, I got the news that he was out with his unit in Egypt. When all is said and done, and if it turns out after all that I won't be able to quit this island before the War ends, then the right thing to do would be to present myself for internment in a camp, where [p. 90] I will have like-minded companions. But before I get into these completely unknown circumstances of an internment camp, I should still like time to gather my thoughts together in quietness and solitude, and to see Alberta once more before I go. Mrs. v. L. has returned to Hampstead, where the Belgians have moved out of her house; I've now tried to send a letter home, via Eliassen[xx] in Rotterdam, but I got the letter back with the brusque comment that they were no longer in a position to forward my correspondence. Is Holland perhaps set to come out on the side of the Allies? — A letter has just come from Fouracre in Aldershot, saying that he wants to go with me tomorrow to Richmond, since next week they would be moving out to France.

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"*London-Putney, April 1915*"

Today was *St. George's Day*,[xxi] and all the churches had their flags out. In High Street I purchased a small locket for Alberta, in which I'll put a photograph. The weather could not be finer. A clear, mild and golden April's day had arisen from the east, one of those incredible days which scatter handfuls of sunshine to the right and to the left. I waited impatiently for Fouracre; he came in his best uniform, with military punctuality, and at quarter-to-three we boarded the little river-steamer. Slowly it went round the great river bends, upstream, past Hammersmith and Mortlake. The Thames gradually grew lively with boats of all types. Nature, as young as spring, breathed peace and hope. Wisps of cloud stood in the cobalt-blue sky. We left the boat at the railway bridge in Kew, which was where Alberta had wanted to meet us. "There she is", Alexander called out, and pointed with his swagger-stick at a bright figure, who came running up to us. Although I [p. 91] had seen the lovely girl only once, I had a feeling of having known her for ever. Then, while we said hello, there was a brief moment of alienation, which, however, was quickly overcome. The three of us wandered through the splendid Kew gardens. I believed outwardly, too, that I was in paradise. We wandered across soft carpets of grass, as though we were walking on clouds. Mighty greenhouses received us in and enveloped us in the intoxicating scent of tropical vegetation. We went past the tea pavilion and the Great Pagoda and left the park through Lions Gate. The sleepy streets of Richmond led us back to the Thames. There on a terrace stood little tea tables with straw seats and colourful cushions in pergolas around the beds of crocus and hyacinth. Soon our table was adorned with Chinese porcelain, cake baskets, marmalades and plates with delicate sandwiches. Making its way out from a light-green open tent was the sound of muted string music. In front of us, a bridge of three arches from the time of George III spanned the river. Country houses with porticos, in the manner of Palladia, looked out over splendid lawns, on which fountains murmured in colourful beds of flowers, and the first indescribably tender-green of well-kept groups of trees completed the graceful picture of outer contentment. Alberta looked rosy and fresh, and dropped lumps of sugar into her tea, her brother was somewhat awkward in handling the little tea service, and his expression alternated between contentment and concentration. However all three of us succeeded in offering sacrifice to

the 'Kairos',[xxii] the beautiful moment, without a second thought. Time stood still, making the feeling of space stand out so much clearly and give a feeling of liberation; the eye sees all things so close up and clear, and yet unreal. I do not know how I can put it into words. Immediate impressions cannot be dissected later and reproduced. Alberta was feeding a friendly robin, a blue Persian cat walked solemnly and superiorly between the tables, at which Eton-Boys sat with [p. 92] their parents, and officers with their sisters and fiancées. The music was softly playing *Home, sweet home*. Eventually we got to our feet, the sun was already sinking down behind Twickenham, and we promised to meet here again on the following Sunday. I shook Alexander's hand in silence; he leaves tomorrow with his Regiment for France.[xxiii] — I have just switched the light on again, and before falling asleep have had to reflect once more on the splendid atmosphere this afternoon in Richmond. One should not analyse joy, because it then becomes less, but one should analyse pain on its own, which, by so doing, one can lessen; but I would just like to note down that there are moments in which one grasps the general in the individual item, reality in a chance happening, permanence in the experience of an instant, and one feels this as an indescribable inner harmony; this afternoon I was for a short time at one with myself and with the world — but not of course any longer, not again until sleep, provided that is dreamless.

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"*London-Putney, April 1915*"

After a restless night I made my way into the city, to find distraction. The harmonious mood had gone like a dream. Why? Morosely, I ate my porridge, which Mrs. Pay brought to me, I was discontent with myself and with the world. I saw in the mirror that I should long ago have had my hair cut. I had never so far seen any barber's shop like this; in the open backroom, a living forest of plants had been set up, in which around fifty birds fluttered around, as well as coming to the front and sitting on the barber's shoulder while he was at his work. He had so many birds! Out on the street I saw a three-year-old boy with curly-hair; he had scarcely any clothes on, and was carefully dragging a piece of wood behind him on a string. I went into the nearest toyshop [p. 93] and came back out with a small wooden horse. He looked at me with big, serious eyes, and watched me as I undid the string block of wood and tied it round the horse's neck. But the little chap was not going to abandon the little block of wood for the sake of the nicer toy, and picked it up carefully with his tiny fingers and held it tightly in his hand, and in doing so looked at me almost reproachfully. Had I done the child a favour? Fortunately he doesn't see the outward differences between various things, but only their substance. Not until later will these things stir up desires, make people discontent, and awaken all kinds of misery, since most needs are awakened artificially, so that economy can flourish, money circulate, and, in the end, create wars.

I then went by the District Line, directly to London Bridge. What do I care now about the aliens' *Five-Mile Radius*, I am ready to do fobidden things, and my mood has become revitalised once more. I found myself then standing on London Bridge, across which for centuries traffic had trundled. Looking to the north, in my mind I saw the old Roman garrison camp, the nucleus of so many of the most modern cultural centres. On the triangular section in front of the Bank of England, there is a lantern, which depicts the hub of the world hub today. There, twenty centuries ago, had stood the tent of the Roman commander. Cannon Street, Cornhill are still today the old Roman camp roads. The dome of St. Paul's, which arches over the graves of Nelson and Wellington, also overlooks the soil of the former Temple of Venus. A young Canadian in khaki disturbed my ponderings by asking the simple question of where there was a nice pub. We strolled down to Eastcheap.[xxiv] He told me that he came from Alberta, and this name awoke pleasant memories in me. We exchanged cigarettes, reached the square which there is a statue of William IV on his horse, and wandered at random into a pub.[xxv] A landlord, who was so fat you could scarcely believe it, came up to us, [p. 94] and when the Canadian was about to order ale, he put us off with a disdainful wave of his fat hand. Instead of ale, he brought out a bottle of Burgundy, uncorked it and poured out three full glasses: "Long live Canada." We gladly joined him. The landlord, in all his fatness, stayed seated next to us, and said: "Do you lads know where you are? No? Well, once upon a time, John Oldcastle, or Falstaff, did his boozing here with Shakespeare. Yes, our great Shakespeare, he could take a drop or two, he said here, over his wine: 'In war, sanity is nothing and politics are cowardice.' To your health! But", the landlord continued garrulously, "Old

Fat John was also a warrior and a conqueror, not that he conquered any countries or killed any people, instead of that he broadened out the borders of human pleasure and the great domains of wit and fancy, in which the very poorest of men could regale themselves, and he, who couldn't pay his bills, left behind an unfailing legacy of happy laughter. Ha, ha, ha, ha", the fat landlord himself laughed over that and toasted our health. The Canadian winked his eye at me, he probably did not know at all who Shakespeare and Falstaff were. "Here John promised, by his golden goblet, marriage in payment for his debts, ha, ha, ha, he was a blighter that one! Look, there on that horse, there rides another fat man, a king, who could probably match Falstaff in corpulence, but not in wit, well; he's got his monument, but Shakespeare and John manage to live on even without a monument, that's a big difference, that is!" All of a sudden, a crowd rushed up outside, in front of the window. I thought: newspaper reports of a victory or a defeat, what else could it be? But the portly landlord filled the glasses up and said jovially: "Oh well, war is a necessary evil, but it's still an evil all the same; in my own case '*Merry old England*' lives on, and that ought to outlast the War." We started off, the landlord refused payment, and with a [p. 95] tear in his eye he slapped the young soldier and said, like a father, "*Come back*." On the street, excited groups were standing together: we heard that a short time before two German officers had escaped from Donnington[xxvi] Hall, had been recaptured in Billingsgate, and had just now been paraded past. That spoilt everything again. I took my leave rather quickly from the Canadian, in order to get back home to Putney. The newspaper placards screamed out: "First gas-bombs dropped by the Huns." "Enormous desperation measures, London to be choked to death!" In the middle of the turmoil of the street-traffic, ragged children drew grotesque faces of the Kaiser with devil's horns in chalk on the pavement, as well as big, thick sausages, which were supposed to represent Zeppelins. Occasionally, someone would throw them a penny. On sale from street traders is: *The Kaiser's Last Will and Testament*, in which he passes himself and everything else on to the Devil. Poison and desperation everywhere!

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Today I was walking around on the old churchyard at St. Mary's, to look at inscriptions and dates on the graves, something I have often done, and I found there that a man who had been born in 1680 had died in 1788. It made me think of a friend who is like a mother to me, and is now eighty-four years old. She, who with keen awareness has followed all the contemporary events of her long life, belongs to that unique generation which has experienced more things than any other before it, and which no successive generation will ever be able to join it in witnessing — so greatly has human society undergone outward change, and in the arena of its activities. How often had the old lady tell me items from her younger days at the Court of her aunt, Queen Adelaide,[xxvii] widow of his Corpulent, King William IV; she had been a dinner companion of Wellington, [p. 96] she knew Prince Metternich,[xxviii] who one hundred years earlier had presided over the Congress of Vienna; Lafayette, too, who together with Washington had freed America. In St. Paul's Church in Frankfurt her pencil had dropped from the gallery onto the head of Ernst Moritz Arndt;[xxix] in 1850 she had visited the daughter of Marie-Antoinette in Venice; for Louis Philippe, the citizen-king of France, she had played pieces on the pianoforte in Clermont House. In those days, New York and Chicago were still villages; in the Electorate of Hessen people were still wearing powdered wigs, and their Sovereign Lord prohibited the smoking of tobacco, just as the Pope forbade the telegraph in the Papal States. Torture had still not been banished everywhere; the laws of Charles V were still in force; in Nuremberg the last of the Meistersingers were still at rehearsal; Japan, the modern great nation, was still living closed off from all the world, in its feudal middle ages; most European princes ruled without a Constitution. The first coal gas, the first steamer, the first railway, ushered in the new age, which was to change all concepts of space and time. The 'Grey Emperor', Franz Joseph of Austria-Hungary;[xxx] Maria Sophia, the last Queen of Naples,[xxxi] were also witnesses to these great changes, which now find their dramatic conclusion in the World War. The *Daily Mirror* had a picture in it today which showed an Irish farmer from Dunower[xxxii] who was born when Napoleon I was Consul, at a time when the Holy Roman Empire, with its serfdom and feudal lords, still existed. He was said never to have seen a railway train. This farmer, just like the one-hundred-and-eight-year-old, at whose grave I was standing, lived outside the frame of time, their knowledge of existence was much less than that of every twenty-year-old soldier, who had just lived through six months of War.

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[p. 97]

"*London-Putney, May 1915*"

A sultry atmosphere is hanging over London, as it did eleven months earlier over Berlin, when the news of the assassination of the Austrian Crown Prince spread paralysis and dismay.[xxxiii]

I was just coming back from a walk along the Thames embankment, where I had been watching rowing club at their exercises and had been thinking about the coming Sunday, and whether any letter would be waiting for me at home. Coming from the churches were the peaceful chimes of the Angelus bells. In the gardens, snowball trees were dangling their tender white round flowers amongst all the leaves, a light wind was blowing cherry blossom petals down; a flowering lilac perfumed the air with a song of love. The closer I got to Putney Bridge, the more I saw groups of people gathering excitedly together, newsboys were handing out special editions, finally I myself got one in my hand: "*Lusitania*, the gigantic passenger liner, torpedoed off the Irish coast by a German U-boat; she sank with 1000 passengers." No background information had as yet been given, but the general deep outrage was already expressing itself spontaneously, which put people greatly in fear. I myself am unable to comprehend this event, and the necessity which led to it. What position will America, which after all officially represents the German interests in England, take up concerning this? Mr. Vanderbilt and many other Americans are reported to have perished with the ship, as well as women and children. How horrific a way to convince once more all levels of the nation of the need to prosecute this War to its bitter end, and to unite it in its hatred of Germany. Not the daily newspaper reports of thousands upon thousands of soldiers having been killed or imprisoned, or gone missing, foments the war-fever as much as a few obvious facts, which compared with the deaths are of much lesser importance, such as the shelling of Rheims cathedral, the dropping of bombs on the population of unfortified cities, [p. 98] the alleged dropping of poison-gas bombs, and now the torpedoing of a gigantic passenger liner. Is it possible, which seems likely, that this vast liner had war material on board for the Allies? But that will never be proved or admitted. I am indeed deeply shocked by this news report, which makes me anticipate new dangers for Germany. If I were in Germany, I would most certainly join in with the cheering, for nothing is more infectious than general joy, at having dealt damage to a merciless enemy; but over here, I take a more objective view, and can sympathise with the outbreak of primitive national outrage. It is just the same with individuals as it is with nations, they probably do learn people's outer characteristics, if, for example, they are having them stay with them as visiting guests; the deeper characteristics, however, they learn only if they take up residence with them, and then they learn them in the confidentiality brought by long contact, when limits come off, in times of fervour, in which they forget their basic principles, and where they find themselves in new situations, left on their own by habit and custom. — Nobody talks about anything, unless it's about this "Hun-deed", at midday at Williams[xxxiv] the whole pub spoke of it, in the afternoon at Lyons', in the evening at the cinema, where a fearful hubbub broke out at the sight of obliterated Belgian towns. Recruitment brigades with big drums are marching through the streets, and on one day twenty thousand volunteers came forward. Even Mrs. Pay, the little person, was in a state of quiet distress, which was particularly upsetting to my frame of mind. Despite Alberta, despite the so-called Five-Mile-Freedom, I can't stand this being on my own any longer. I'll leave on Sunday. "Only an animal or a God can be completely alone!"

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[p. 99]

"*London-Putney, May 1915*"

When I came out early from the bathroom on Ascension Day,[xxxv] I told Mrs. Pay that two gentlemen from the police had just called round, and they had asked me to be ready for the following day at eleven o'clock. At first, I thought that Mrs. Pay was the one who had notified the police: that came from my reading of terrible witch-hunt articles in the *Daily Mail*, saying that all enemy aliens, even if nationalised, should be locked up immediately. The mobs were out and already wrecking shops again. Shots have been fired on the streets. "The Huns are flashing lights up to the Zeppelins, so they can to choke London with gas-bombs and bombs with poison in them." Things have got so bad that the nets of imprisonment are closing in tighter and tighter. I'm going to write Alberta a farewell letter and pack my things. Proper imprisonment with fellow-companions in suffering and sentiment is what I prefer to this unbearable loneliness and this cockeyed situation. I shall keep my inner freedom to myself, as I did before.

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i Mr. Maier confuses *bonus* 'a good man', with *bonum* 'a good thing'.

ii Sacred apes of Benares (northern India): so untouchable they thought they could do anything they wanted to. Schopenhauer compared them to women.

iii Berlin is situated on the River Spree, but the main reference is to the English phrase *to go on the spree*, meaning 'to have some fun'.

iv The ability to perform in unison.

v Dunbar-Kalckreuth adds the note in German (p. 74, fn.1): "I read today in the *Times* that my father has been held in prison in Inverness since 20 October, because he had been travelling under a false name and appears to be suspected of being a spy. In the House of Lords, Lord Beresford has called upon Mr Tennant, undersecretary of state, to account for his actions in this matter."

vi Crimean War (1853-56). The Russian Empire was defeated by all alliance of the Ottoman Empire, Sardinia, Britain and France.

vii Kilbury: probably for 'Kilburn'.

viii *Wallham Green*: historic name of a village in the parish of Fulham in the County of Middlesex, located between the hamlet of North End, now renamed West Kensington to the north, and Parsons Green to the south. (*wiki*)

ix "I'm not stopping here to live": 'ich bleibe hier nicht wohnen' — perhaps a construction breaking through from her Dutch, *nou, ik blijf hier niet wonen*.

x *Palladium*: sacred statue of Athene, brought from Troy to Rome by Aeneas.

xi *Fatum*: ineluctable, unchangeable fate.

xii The name of the country was spelt *Rumania* (or Roumania) up till 1975, when it was changed to *Romania*.

xiii Poland.

xiv 10 Burstock Road is now in Wandsworth (though off Putney Bridge Road), SW15 2PW.

xv In South-East Poland.

xvi The 1911 UK Census has an Albert Fouracre, (born 1871, married 1896), aged 40, living in Fulham, of which Wallham Green (historically) was a parish. An Albert Fouracre had also been listed for Fulham in the UK Census of 1901, then aged 30. A girl (Alberta) born after the wedding date would have been 19 years old in 1915.

xvii April 1st, 1915.

xviii Dr. Edward Lyttelton (1855-1942), Headmaster of Eton College (1905-16). He spoke on Thursday, 1st April 1915.

xix 'Fatherland': by habit Dunbar-Kalckreuth uses this word instead of 'Motherland'.

xx Of Rotterdam. See page 26 of the English translation as above.

xxi *St. George's Day* 1915: Friday 23rd April.

xxii *Kairos* (ancient Greek): 'The time when conditions are right' (Merriam-Webster).

xxiii Dunbar-Kalckreuth adds the footnote in German (p. 92, fn 1): "He, too, fell in the Dardanelles."

xxiv Eastcheap: City of London, EC3 (Monument Junction).

xxv The Boar's Head Tavern, Eastcheap (now demolished).

xxvi Dunbar-Kalckreuth uses 'Donnington' (outside Sheffield) for 'Donington' (Leicestershire/Derbyshire border).

xxvii Adelaide of Saxe-Meiningen (1792-1849), Consort Queen of England and Hanover.

xxviii Prince Klemens von Metternich (1773-1859), Austrian diplomat and foreign minister.

xxix Ernst Moritz Arndt (1769-1860), German nationalist historian, writer and poet.

xxx 1830-1916.

xxxi Maria Sophie of Bavaria, 1841-1925, the last Queen of Naples.

xxxii Dunower: now Donore (County Meath).

xxxiii The Sarajevo assassination of June 28th, 1914.

xxxiv 'Williams': possible Williams Ale & Cider House, Whitechapel, London.

xxxv Ascension Day 1915: May 13th.

Background

Any comments, errors or omissions gratefully received The Editor
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